VOL. I.—No. 13. MANCHESTER, Saturday, October 17, 1868. Price One Penny.

"So, so;—well done! well done!"
CYMBELINE.

When feeling neither hot nor cold,
When reigns the frost or rules the sun,
We proudly Geo's rare hat behold,
And often cry "well done, well done!"
How soft it feels! how well it fits!
We joy that art so much has won,
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Gaily we cry "well done, well done!"

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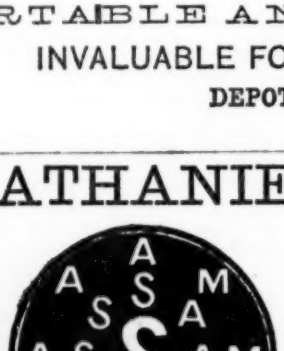

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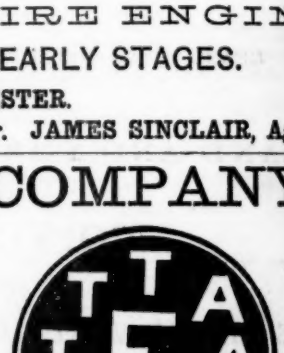

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THE COTTON CROP AND TRADE PROSPECTS.

[BY OUR OWN ZADKIEL.]

THE American cotton crop has been entirely destroyed by floods. The little which remained has been devoured by worms. The residue may amount to two or three millions of bales which will be forwarded in the usual manner. Prices will go up and down as before, the consumption will increase, and by the end of the season there will be about two hundred thousand bales less than nothing left. A correspondent writes from the Southern States, that he has been riding on a Kentucky mule all over the cotton districts, which are about as large as the whole of Europe, and he has fraternised with a few niggers at various wooden shanties. Labour is disorganized, and Sambo will not work if he can live without it. This is a singular phenomenon, utterly unknown on this side of the atlantic. With regard to the prospects of trade in this district, the following may be relied upon :—

November 8.—About this time the weather will become foggy, men's minds foggier still, and the state of trade muddled. Commercial credit will begin to be besmirched. The City articles of the London journals will announce that money is abundant and a drug, but poor devils who are in want of it will not be able to raise a stiver, and the only drug which they will have at their command will be a few four pennyworths of gin on tick, and an occasional dose of the latter, adulterated with dolloureux, occasioned by the fog. New common councillors and mayors will be elected, which, like the election of Mr. John Cheetham for the borough of Salford, will no doubt tend to produce a large cotton crop, so that spinners may comfort themselves with the idea, that by the time they are utterly done up and have no money left, large crops of what the present senior member for Manchester calls "the staple" will be raised.

November 17.—A speculative firm in Liverpool, likely to die of atrophy for want of business and funds will telegraph over to America for a frost, and a killing one will be immediately despatched to them through the cable, from all parts of the cotton districts at once. The ball will be set a-rolling, and "make your game" will be the cry. Spinners will catch the infection, and punting on the cotton hazard will be all the rage. One shilling per lb. is the main, gentlemen, but fifteenpence will break the bank. When everybody is about to make their fortune out of every one else, the game will suddenly cease, and it will be the devil take the hindmost.

November 24.—No improvement in trade. Many orders cancelled and rejects numerous,—amongst others, Mr. John S. Henry, who is sent back to Scotland, and Yates Thompson is returned. The home-trade will be very dull about this time, and all A. & S. Henry's buyers occupied with electioneering. In consequence of the return of Messrs. Cheetham and Cawley for Salford, cotton will suddenly fall 3d. per lb., but the Conservatives will get up in their stirrups. The candidature of Mr. Pender for Linlithgowshire will cause a rise in the price of fish, and salmon will suddenly come into season. Mrs. Muirhead will prove herself equal to the emergency.

December 24.—The holidays will commence, and bankers will put on the screw, but in commercial circles that instrument will become generally loose. Several firms will be requested to pay up their balances, and, after being weighed in those scales, like Belshazzar, they will be found wanting. About this time, money will become very tight, and owing to the conviviality of the season, many people will be in the same condition. Mitchell Henry's friends will be getting low in spirits about this time, as the bills keep coming in, but Mr. Bazley's shirt collars will rise higher than ever. We hope "the staple" won't follow their example.

DICKENS'S READING.

WE went to hear Mr. Dickens on Saturday night, but whether we went to the first reading of the final course, or the farewell reading of the one course previous to the final course, or the first reading of the one course previous to the final course, or the farewell reading of the final course, or any, and if any, what reading of any, and if any, what course—we really shouldn't like to say. We have seen in various papers—newspapers and magazines—all over the country, so many announcements of farewell final, final farewell, last final, and last final but one readings by Mr. Dickens, that we are in a complete state of mental confusion. Added to this, Messrs. Chappell and Co. observe that it is almost unnecessary for them to remark that any announcement made in connection with these readings will be strictly adhered to. The announcement is, on its merits, *quite* unnecessary, for Messrs. Chappell have taken good care to put everybody in such a fog as to their arrangements that it will be impossible for any one to tell whether they adhere to them or not. We presume Messrs. Chappell mean that the announcement was not quite unnecessary because it afforded them an opportunity of wasting a little more of their money on advertisements. A very amiable weakness on the part of Messrs. Chappell this, and one which we would be amongst the last to blame them for, but one which gave us much trouble to discover when, and where, and at what time Mr. Dickens's first reading would be given.

The mystification caused by a perusal of Messrs. Chappell's voluminous advertisements—together with the attractions of *Fidelio* next door—perhaps accounts for the somewhat sparse audience which assembled to greet Mr. Dickens's first farewell appearance of his one course of farewell appearances previous to his final farewell appearances prior to his last final farewell appearance—whatever that may mean. The Free Trade Hall was only two-thirds full. But the audience atoned for its numerical deficiency by its intelligence and respectability. A respectable and intelligent audience has, however, its drawbacks. A respectable and intelligent, audience cannot cheer. A man who can understand very little, but who can bellow a great deal, is an invaluable acquisition, provided always that he can be managed to bellow at the right place. The audience of Saturday contained but few such men, and consequently the applause with which Mr. Dickens was received was not so great as it ought to have been. Still, it was hearty.

To our mind Mr. Dickens looked much better than he did on his last visit. He came before the audience in a more agreeable manner. Instead of bounding up a flight of stairs like a young antelope, he emerged from behind a curtain and advanced in a rational manner. Mr. Dickens's American excursion has, if we mistake not, done him good. He looks stronger and healthier and handsomer than he did before. But Mr. Dickens has a most disappointing appearance. Nearly all great men have. In accordance with the eternal principle that much shall have more, a great reputation is very apt to become greater than it ought to be. Consequently, it is only when the appearance of great men is greater than their genius that they come up to their exaggerated reputations. It is policy for authors to remain incognito. Their presence nearly always disappoints one. Of course, when a great man has Mr. Dickens's powers of entertainment, and can turn those powers to profitable account, the propriety of appearing in public is dependent on fresh considerations. But Mr. Dickens's appearance is not only not equal to his exaggerated reputation, it is not equal to the real reputation which his genius deserves. In his *American Notes* he himself narrates the disappointment of a gentleman upon beholding his ideal in the flesh; but he endeavours to explain it on the grounds of holland costume and mosquito-bites. The cause lies deeper than mosquitos can penetrate. It is not Mr. Dickens's fault, and therefore it is no censure of him not to

blink the fact that his appearance is not equal to his genius. One cannot conceive that the man at the red velvet reading-desk is the author of the favourite novels of the world. That Dickens the Reader is Dickens the Writer, one could almost disbelieve. It is impossible to imagine it; it can only be thrust upon the mind as a fact. If this were all, though, Mr. Dickens might retire from reading with full pockets and a contented mind. But we are afraid this is not all. We think his works will always have less influence on most of his readers, after they have seen him, than they had before. To say that no one has any idea of the power of his writings until they hear him read them is preposterous. We think the reader must be a very dull jack who does not find more—infinitely more—substance in Mr. Dickens's writings than in his readings. Feeling and pathos are things too subtle for gas and rouge. The reason why people prefer his reading to their own—in addition to pure flunkeyism—is that people are, as a rule, such wretched readers for themselves. The finest writing in the world is thrown away upon the general public. To read well is as difficult as to write well. People don't *read* books.

Mr. Dickens reads in an intelligent and gentlemanly manner, illustrating the text with considerable variety of tone and gesture. But Mr. Dickens rants. Yes, with all deference to Mr. Dickens, and all disrespect for his adulators, two or three times on Saturday night Mr. Dickens ranted. We don't like Dr. Marigold. We don't consider it a good piece of work. Undoubtedly, there is capital work in it; but as a whole, it is not excellent. And we do not think any the better of it after having heard it read. We have not the moral courage to say that Mr. Dickens cannot be pathetic on the stage; but we unhesitatingly say that he was not pathetic on Saturday night. Those hearts—and shall we say heads?—must have been soft, indeed, which were much touched by him. Neither harsh, startling shouts, nor tender commonplaces uttered with a hard almost grimace, can move sense to emotion. But, after all, there is not very much pathos in Dr. Marigold; and the parts which were not meant to be pathetic Mr. Dickens rendered well. The first part, which is good writing, was most enjoyable; the latter portion, which is mediocre writing, was less so. It should be remarked that Mr. Dickens never opened the book from the beginning of the "reading" to the end.

Superior to Dr. Marigold, both in writing and reading, is the famous trial of Bardell *v.* Pickwick. Mr. Dickens gives this capitally. Considerations of time necessitate excisions which mar the perfection of the original; but enough is left to enable Mr. Dickens to hit off counsel to the life. The phrases, style, and manner of the Bar are reproduced with photographic accuracy. Mr. Simpkin's and Mr. Winkle's speeches are bewitchingly given. Mr. Dickens's rendering of his minor characters is admirable, and enhances one's idea of them; but his rendering of the important ones is not altogether satisfactory. Sam Weller sinks into a nobody. And it is with unspeakable relief one finds that Mr. Pickwick has not to say anything. One sits on pins for fear lest one's old idol be smashed.

We scarcely think these entertainments have stuff enough in them to inspire large audiences with ecstacy. They form very pleasing and intellectual amusements, but what enthusiasm they excite is excited by personal admiration of the reader. To ask those who go into the gallery and the body of the hall to wait an hour and a quarter for the entertainment is, we think, a piece of assurance. Last Saturday's reading was perhaps less interesting than any of the others will be, and we expect that on each of the three remaining occasions, larger audiences will assemble to do honour to an author whose literary excellence nobody gainsays.

To ourselves personally, Mr. Dickens's readings are bitter experiences. We think they must be such to everyone who reads his works with a genuine and independent appreciativeness. There is about them such a grace and charm that one's ideal of them cannot, in the nature of things, be realised. Any attempt to set them on any sort of a stage must necessarily end in disappointment. To us it is more than disappointment. It is positive pain. We not only feel that our ideals are being mutilated, but that their beauty is destroyed to us beyond repair. It is as though they are dying. When first we beheld Mr. Dickens, we were as rudely shocked as if a bucket of water had been emptied on our head. The spell was broken: the charm was dissolved. And when we heard him read, his works became to us lost books. The delight of them was cut out of our life. They have no magic in them now; and their pathos is gone—for ever.

IL TROVATORE AND FAUST.

VERDI'S *Trovatore* attracted a large and noisy audience. The pit entrance was a scene of strife and unnecessary abjuration for an hour before the opera commenced. Heart-rending cries proceeded from those unfortunate feminine enthusiasts who did not understand that the shortest way from the street to the money-taker is a straight line, and endeavoured to take the sharp corner. Now and then a party of young ladies, with bewildered bonnets, would retire from the contest, and invoke the police. We heard a fair-haired amateur in the front called a villain. We believe that his chief crime consisted in actually getting in. For our part, we escaped from the struggle in time to describe it. Besides, we found that the musical fervour which surrounded us, and particularly its peculiar mode of expression (we allude to our ribs and our toes), was unfavourable to calm criticism. It must not be supposed that the rush to hear *Il Trovatore* is a vindication of the musical langnor with which we charged Manchester society last week. Emerson once said of somebody, "The more he talked of his honour, the faster we counted our spoons." We feel about Manchester society, the more they crowd to hear *Il Trovatore*, the more we suspect their musical taste.

Il Trovatore will not bear comparison with the models of the German school, the works of Mozart and Weber. It contains all the faults of the frail Italian school in an exaggerated form. To begin with, the plot is wanting in that general simplicity which alone can lend force to the situations. Two brothers, ignorant of their kinship, are rivals in the pursuit of one woman. This idea is finely dramatic in itself. But all the deadly passions of the rivals should have been pent up so as to break out with accumulated force in the final struggle. As it is, the Count and Manrico keep meeting each other at the most awkward moments, after the manner of Box and Cox. As to the music, it is a brilliant collection of striking melodies, strung together as capriciously as the bits of coral on a necklace. The airs are wonderfully descriptive in their way, but they are utterly undescriptive of the passions they are set to. The music may be said to have beauty without form. The difference between Verdi and Mozart is all the difference between *esprit* and Geist. If Verdi wants to describe a strong emotion, he puts it into a musical epigram. His solos are like so many *bon-mots*. They sparkle like jokes in a conversation. Mozart never sparkles, he glows. A kind of musical intelligence pervades his operas like an atmosphere. He has no need to throw himself into musical attitudes. Musical language, and all possibilities of musical language, are within him. You cannot say of one of his operas, lo here! or lo there! He shews his power of expression. You can only feel it in a general breadth of treatment. Verdi is a musical wit. He is wanting in the self-restraint often exhibited by wits. He sacrifices truth in his desire to shine. We will give one or two examples. In the second Act, when Azucena is relating the story of her mother's murder to Manrico, the recitative accompaniment breaks out suddenly into a pretty little mazurka tune, which quite spoils your horror. Again, in the fourth Act, when Leonora is pleading to the Count for Manrico's life, she suddenly drops on her knees, and sings a waltz

When she has risen they sing a galop together. The music in the last scene, between Manrico and Azucena, is also weakened by this detestable prettiness. The gay modern costume of Leonora, and the brilliant songs she keeps singing, are not in harmony with her fate. When she dies you feel that she was not prepared for it. There are exceptions to the general incongruity of Verdi's music. He is sometimes very happy in purely lyrical passages, in which no darker passion than love seeks expression. Unfortunately, he writes the same bright and dreamy music to the most tragical words, and often creates a simultaneous contrast of expressions which is quite ludicrous. Of his happier passages, we may mention Leonora's air, "D'amor sull ali rosee," in the fourth Act. Leonora feels her heart beating, like a bird beats against the bars of its cage. She lifts her voice, as on wings, towards Manrico's prison. The music flutters and falls, and now and then it seems to float laterally in the air. It is strangely expressive. The celebrated *Miserere* is another splendid accident of Verdi's. It is a glorious love-litany, and expresses with great power the hopeless prayer which is denied before it is asked.

The opera was put on the stage with more than ordinary care, and the choruses were well trained. We saw no reason to change materially the judgments we have already given of the principal artists. As we expected, Mdlle. Sinico was not touching as Leonora. Her voice is too metallic for the expression of tender feeling. Her acting is the acting of the concert room. Signor Mongini is not a refined singer, and his action is stagey. In his spangles, in the first Act, his attitudes reminded one of a street mountebank, after performing the feat of standing on the heads of his six companions. The loudest encore of the evening was awarded to Signor Mongini, for the "Di quella pera," at the end of the third Act. It calls forth all the power he has, without demanding any of the reserve he has not. Mr. Santley sang the popular "Il balen" with much sweetness. But why does he, too, outrage his sense of artistic propriety, by repeating it? Fancy Mr. Fechter, in Hamlet, coming in front of the foot-lights, and repeating "To be or not to be," as if he were reconsidering the question. The effect of repeating a love song like "Il balen" is even less weakening than the repetition of a whole scene like the "Miserere," in which you actually hear the same sob twice. Why will they not leave us a single illusion? The only part which entirely satisfied us, was that taken by Madame Trebelli-Bettini. She is an accomplished artist.

The audience, attracted by Gounod's *Faust*, was as numerous as that of the preceding evening. Although many severe objections may be made to this opera the next morning, it is impossible not to be fascinated over-night. The very fact of the music being set to one of the world's master-pieces, forces a kind of challenge. Who ever retouched a master-piece and improved it? We hope we are not unintelligible when we say that Gounod has repeated the objective element of a subjective poem. The sober gaiety of German life, the mixture of simplicity and romance, the courage and devotion, are reproduced with great fidelity. The triumph of the moral real over the physical apparent, for such we take it is the lesson of the poem, he has not attempted to indicate. The music is so well known that it is needless to dwell upon it. It is immensely clever. The blending of melodies in the Kermesse, and the resurrection of airs, like ghosts, at the end of the opera, are imagined with a grace which Gounod alone possesses. The Margaret of Titiens is too robust. We are not all old fogies in the pit, Mr. Mapleson, and we can't feel the requisite amount of tenderness for a middle-aged Margaret. In the Jewel Song, the almost masculine face and figure of Titiens seem to deny the girlish extravagance of the words. We could not help thinking of a far inferior artist, as far as voice is concerned. Pauline Lucca's Margaret, with her supple form, perfected for pain, and the sadness which seems to cry out in the midst of her wildest joy, haunted us all night. One likes to think of Goethe's Margaret as a fair lily of a girl, who lived on Liebig's Extract of Beef Lozenges. Still, if you shut your eyes, Titiens was splendid.

Why did Signor Bulterini play Faust? It could not be on account of his voice. It is a very coarse voice, and he strains it until he loses command over it, and then sings distinctly false. Mr. Santley never gave greater pleasure. Signor Foli sang as well as he acted badly. One always thinks of the devil as a polished gentleman, a kind of slightly unprincipled Sir Charles Grandison. Signor Foli's movements were boorish in the extreme. He acted up to our juvenile conception of the fairy-tale monster. He took long strides, and stooped and made faces at you. The pretty face and figure of Mdlle. Sandrina alone, saved her from a hearty hiss. Who painted Mdlle. Baumeister's face? He must be a fine animal painter. Such a genius ought to have retired before this. The choruses were well done, with the exception of the "Soldiers' Chorus," which was too uniformly loud. Considering all these small defects, and therefore necessarily Signor Bulterini also, this was the least pleasing performance of the Opera Company.

U. K. A.

UNITED Kingdom Alliances have at least one very agreeable feature about them. They are great promoters of toleration. "Blessed are the peacemakers." The names of the gentlemen who appeared on the platform of the Free Trade Hall on Tuesday evening to lend their voices or countenances to the principles of the United Kingdom Alliance are curiously suggestive of that happy family of zoological specimens of the most opposite instincts which, many years ago, used to be exhibited as an instance of the educability of animals. The United Kingdom Alliance appears to have been able to precipitate the millenium. The lion and the lamb, if they do not exactly lie down together, appear on the same platform; they speak to the same audience, they are received with common acclamation. When they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful.

Tuesday's meeting was presided over by William Romaine Callender, jun., Esq. That fact in itself is pregnant with suggestiveness, but the names placed in association or in juxta-position with that of our conspicuous local constitutionalist are even more remarkable than that of the chairman. The newspapers tell us that he was accompanied to the platform by Archbishop Manning. The circumstance of a gentleman fanatically opposed to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and committed to the political programme of Mr. Disraeli, permitting himself to be accompanied to the platform by an ecclesiastic who would abolish the Irish Church to-morrow, and who is one of the most accomplished aiders and abettors of His Holiness the Pope, is indeed a conspicuous concession to the exigencies of the cause of total abstinence. Then there could be seen at the elbow of Dr. Manning Sir W. C. Trevelyan. Probably there are not two gentlemen in England so radically opposed to each other on everything but this public house question as these. Then there followed Sir. R. Briscow, Bart., a tory of the old school, and Sir John Bowring, a Radical of the new. If we remember rightly, Sir John Bowring was in some official way concerned in forcing upon the Chinese the English importation of opium. Opium is the malt liquor of China—its whiskey, its pale bandy, its "old Tom," its Roederer's Champagne; in a word, its means of inebriety. Sir John Bowring is evidently converted. The Hallelujah Band advertise the appearance of converted prize-fighters, and converted pigeon-flyers, and converted thieves, and rascals, generally. Sir John Bowring belongs evidently to the class of men who go in for a death-bed repentance. Then we had the Venerable Archdeacon Sandford side-by-side with

Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, member of Parliament for Drogheda. What there is in common between an archdeacon and a great cotton importer, except their antipathy to beer, nobody can tell. These names are followed by a no less remarkable conjunction of teetotal planets. Mr. Samuel Pope, Hon. Sec. of the Alliance, and candidate for the representation of Bolton, precedes the Rev. Canon Jenkins and "the Rev. Dr. Taylor, from California"—a striking amalgam of politics and theology; the Rev. Canon Toole, the Rev. C. Bagnall, the Rev. Charles Garrett, and the Rev. T. P. Stephenson. There was a time when a Catholic priest, like "Father Toole," would have hesitated to get into the same boat with clergymen of a hostile communion. Surely, in this case, teetotalism is a little like misery, and makes men acquainted with strange bedfellows. The presence of Mr. Alderman Harvey is quite explicable. The octogenarian alderman would cheerfully co-operate on this question of the liquor traffic with Beelzebub, if that iniquitous personage can be supposed to care much about the legal repression of tippling. As for Mr. Alderman Heywood, he co-operates with anybody and everybody (in a Pickwickian sort of way), who can get up a crowd, who is accustomed to cheer the speakers. The Hon. and Rev. Leland Noel would lend an aristocratic grace to the whole proceedings. As for Mr. Councillor Charles Thompson, he is one of the gloomy gentlemen on whom ascetic and Puritanical individuals can always count. Mr. Councillor Thompson is utterly respectable, and, moreover, is one of the most earnest and illogical philosophers that can be found in or out of the Manchester Corporation. Everybody respects him, and nearly everybody disagrees with him.

A small crowd of other names bring up the rear of the U. K. A.* Dr. F. R. Lees is, as you may say, a teetotaller born, not made. If his maternal parent had happened to have taken anything to promote nutriment when he was a baby, he would have revolted from the maternal bosom, and argued the matter with his natural protector. Alderman Tatham, of Leeds, is unintelligible in Manchester, and one wonders about his *raison d'etre*. Provost Mackenzie, from Inverness, may be a compatriot of Alderman Mackie, and shouldn't disparage the occupation of an opulent neighbour. The Rev. W. N. Molesworth, of Rochdale, the Historian of the Reform Bill (not Dizzy's, but the other one), is a man of mark, and perfectly sane. Then follows Mr. Alderman Crewdson. If we are not mistaken, Alderman Crewdson is a member of the Manchester City Council. He is not quite the person to fire the Irwell, or calculated to disturb the water communication of the district, by the introduction into it of oratorical combustibles. Then comes Mr. Raper. Mr. Raper is a shrewd, cautious, pawky, diplomatic teetotal advocate, of limited intelligence and no taste; a goodish kind of person, utterly destitute of enthusiasm. The conjunction of Caledonian Raper and a Catholic archbishop, is a gratifying spectacle in the sense of its being very proper, and wonderfully rare. Are we not justified in saying that we have at last discovered the talisman which will make us a band of brothers, and restore us to a state of pre-adamite innocence? The United Kingdom Alliance are in possession of this talisman, which is the principle of "No Beer."

The speaking was able, but a little heavy, and the audience, though perfectly sober, was in high spirits.

WHO EVER GOES INTO DEANSGATE?

[Point of interrogation put by Mr. Alderman Lamb to the last meeting of the City Council, anent the suggested widening of the thoroughfare]

"Who ever goes into Deansgate?"
Asks Alderman Lamb. We were wont
To think everyone went into Deansgate:
But donkeys, apparently, don't.

TOWN TALK.

SALFORD maintains its unenviable notoriety as the unhealthiest town in the kingdom. We don't wonder at it. The stench which prevails in the borough is something fearful. As Trinculo says, "it hath an ancient and a fish-like smell." What with the smoke and filth from the paper works in Higher Broughton, the Salford Copper Works, and the effluvia from the river, the atmosphere is sickening, particularly at night.

AS we announced last week, the Theatre Royal re-opens for the winter season to-night, with *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. In addition to Mr. W. Farren and Mr. Henri Drayton, who play respectively Master Slender and the irascible Ford, Mr. Knowles has engaged Mrs. Henri Drayton, who will take the part of Mrs. Page. Mrs. Drayton, formerly Miss Susannah Lowe, is favourably known in Manchester as a pleasing vocalist and actress. Besides Mr. F. Everill, who takes the part of that unconscionable old sinner, Jack Falstaff, Messrs. Righton, Barsby, Cooper, Rignold, Miss Henderson, Mrs. Egan, and other favourites have parts in the comedy, and the caste is on the whole a strong one. At the conclusion of his engagement, we believe Mr. Farren goes on a tour with Miss Helen Faucit.

SOME of the Manchester streets are becoming quite dangerous to walk in. The traffic has increased enormously within the last quarter of a century, but between St. Ann's Square and Mosley Street, no new thoroughfare has been opened. Market Street is most inconveniently crowded, and accidents are of frequent occurrence. This week, we saw an old man knocked down by a cab, the driver driving off quite coolly. A few weeks since, we saw an old woman share a similar fate at the corner of Corporation Street. Private carriages should avoid Market Street as much as possible. A cabman drove the shaft of his vehicle through the door of a carriage in which a lady was seated a short time since. Last week, a drunken fellow carrying a long wooden box staggered against a woman, and wounded her very severely on the head. Many of the awnings in front of the shops are much too low. A man of six feet cannot pass under them without stooping. They must be of much service to the hatters. At shutting up time, the shop shutters are shot up through the cellar windows with such force, that if they were to strike any of the passers-by behind the ear, certain death would follow. This practice should be put a stop to.

THE Conservatives make no sign. Rumours are afloat, however, that, though outwardly quiescent, they are only waiting until they can secure a second candidate. On Tuesday it was reported that they had succeeded in their quest, and would bring forward a Mr. Napier, in conjunction with Mr. Hoare. But Wednesday and Thursday brought no confirmation of the news. Mr. Napier is understood to be a barrister and a relative of Sir Joseph Napier. Mr. Joseph Hoare is the same gentleman, we believe, who was returned for Hull, at the general election in April, 1859. He defeated Mr. Harvey Lewis by a fair majority, but was unseated on petition later in the year. By the way, one of the Liberal candidates for Manchester, at a public meeting the other evening, told a tolerably good story. As a matter of course, it was intended, in good-humoured fashion, to depreciate the speaker's opponents; let its authenticity, therefore, be taken with a grain of salt. A few weeks ago, said this electioneering *raconteur*, a gentleman of wealth and position, and one who is well known in the town, was asked by a Conservative deputation to offer himself as a candidate for the city, and to pay the expenses of the contest. "I think," he replied, after a moment's reflection—"I think, gentlemen, I can be beaten somewhere else for less money."

THE DIDSBURY GIMLETS.

[BY A SHAREHOLDER IN THE CARRIAGE CO.]

HULSE and Perring, Hulse and Perring,
You two engineering cures,
Fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring
Is this crazy scheme of yours:
Come, be off now with your lumber—
Bore through mountains, cut through moors!
You two gimlets, do you number
Jericho amongst your tours?

Come now, Hulse and Perring, stump it!
We will, if you don't compound,
Buy your sons a penny trumpet.
In Judea bore and sound:
Or, if John o' Groats suits better,
You may go and burrow there,
Or by Wener, or by Wetter,
Or Land's End, or anywhere.

Hulse and Perring, it's not courteous,
You uncivil engineers!
Are you Royle, or Major Porteus
Of our local volunteers?
Who are you—to say the least word—
To esteem yourselves select,
And to all who live south-eastward
Thus to give the cut direct.

Hulse and Perring, its un-English
Thus to sneak along a trench:
At the thought one's blood feels tinglish:
It's Italian, Spanish, French.
Vote by ballot than your tunnel
Is a thing more English far:
To your horizontal funnel
'Tis an Anglo-Saxon star.

Hulse and Perring, revolutions
Will this country not allow:
England's fine old institutions
You'd Americanise, I vow.
But till I'm by Charon ferried
Over Styx, for heaven bound—
Till I'm dead, and till I'm buried,
I will not go underground.

Hulse and Perring, are you Gladstone
In an engineering phase,
That you'd go and fling a mad stone
At our English tastes and ways?
To subvert our old religion
In a league, you don't, I hope,
Correspond by carrier-pigeon
With the big toe of the Pope.

Hulse and Perring, don't you falter?
It'll make the Homestead lone—
It'll overturn the Altar—
It'll undermine the Throne—
It'll make dear drink and victual—
It'll populate the dock—
Hulse and Perring, it'll—it'll—
Whew!—Depreciate my stock!

O, have pity! O, have pity
On the owners of machines
Which convey folks from the city
Into fair suburban scenes:
Hay's ascent in price is steady—
The conductors prig the fares—
And, in long and short, already
At a discount are my shares.

ON THE RIALTO.

THE STATUTE OF FRAUDS.

THERE is, upon our Exchange a select body of individuals—select in a bad sense—who are chiefly notorious from having pleaded the Statute of Frauds. They ought, one and all, to constitute the Pariahs of the mercantile Caste; but as we have upon our Rialto no honour, nor morality, nor religion, save and except in connection with willingness to buy and ability to pay, it is only the poor and unsuccessful Statute-of-Frauders who receive the contempt richly due to the entire gang. You may see a poor wretch who once was tempted to plead that anomalous Statute, in sheer desperation, because he could not have paid the damages had he been cast on the merits of the case, and you will overhear Buzzy point him out and say: "See that hang-dog looking fellow? He's one of the rascals who plead the Statute of Frauds!" Two minutes afterwards you will see Buzzy's flabby countenance sniggering obsequiously in the face of McSquare-toes, conveniently oblivious to the fact that he too pleaded the Statute, without extenuating circumstances. Formerly, our Statute-of-Frauders were all more or less seedy and out-of elbows, waifs and strays of commercial existence: but the great oscillations in price of late years put the integrity of the trade to a crucial test, and it broke down under it, and your Statute-of-Frauders are now found in all the strata of our Exchange existence, even up to the great Barnes Newcome J.P. D.L., and N.O. B.O.D.Y. K.N.O.W.S. W.H.A.T. E.L.S.E. himself. Our readers will remember that Mr. Thackeray has introduced Barnes Newcome into one of his novels, and that he was a most estimable character, and lectured on "The Poetry of the Domestic Affections." We have heard a person in one breath advocate Barnes Newcome's claims to represent the county in parliament, and in the next vituperate any and everybody who might, could, would, or should plead or have pleaded the Statute of Frauds. And yet our refined Barnes ruined a man by successfully pleading it.

What is the Statute of Frauds? It is one of the Statutes of the realm, and, simply, in one of its sections enacts that no contract above the value of five pounds shall be valid unless it is in writing. A most innocent clause, and one wonders why anyone should be abused for simply pleading the law of the land. The reason is simply this: the law-makers make their laws as a Morphy would make out a game of chess, but the mercantile world conducts its business on a rough-and-ready, loose way of its own, never contemplating the chance of their business ever getting into the lawyer's hands at all: and so this Statute, admirably framed to protect honest men against scoundrels, has been wrested by dishonourable tradesmen to a purpose never dreamed of by its enactors—into an instrument for wringing people who have been foolish enough to trust to their honour. The working of this section of the Statute will be best shown by a few salient examples which have been placed at our disposal. We give the substance of the statements laid before us.

"In the year 1855, I think, I was waited upon by an eminent firm as a person likely to be able to prove the price of a given commodity on a given day. On reference to my order-book, I found I had made a large transaction in the identical article on the self-same day; whereupon I was solicited to attend as a witness before Mr. Brandt, at the County Court, and produce my order-book, and prove the above fact. It appeared that the firm in question had purchased several thousands of pieces of these goods from Scamper and Co., and having, after innumerable applications, failed to get a single piece delivered, had bought them elsewhere, and sustained damage to the amount of some seventy pounds, which they had reduced to fifty, in order to

try the case in the County Court. I consented, and attended and witnessed the following absurdity :—The plaintiff produced his order-book, his advice-note to his customer, his copy-book, showing fac-similes of a dozen letters addressed to Scamper and Co., demanding delivery, and also handed in a similar quantity of replies from them, making various excuses and repeated promises of early delivery. They then called Scamper himself into the witness-box, and this scene ensued :—

"'Did you, on such a day, sell to So-and-So so many pieces at such a price?'

"'I did.'

"'And that contract is duly entered in your order-book?'

"'It is.'

"'And you never delivered a piece?'

"'Never.'

"One would have supposed that here was an end of the case, but not so. Up jumped the barrister on the other side, and said, 'Your honour, I beg to say we are only wasting time. We fully admit the contract, but I am instructed to plead the Statute of Frauds.' Old Brandt absolutely glared upon Scamper, and then addressing his advocate said, 'I presume your client has *some* character to lose; and I put it to you whether, after the admission made, you will persist in such a course?' The barrister, absolutely blushing—for even barristers can blush—replied that he had done everything to persuade his client to try the case on its merits, but in vain, and that his orders were peremptory; whereupon the judge stated that he deeply regretted that he was compelled to give the verdict for Scamper. I could not help rubbing my eyes, for I fancied I had been dreaming, and had got into some grotesque scene from Rabelais, or had sailed with Gulliver to Laputa."

Our next instance illustrates the action of the Statute from the opposite side, with a slight variety.

"It was in the bad year 1857, just a few weeks before the collapse, that I sold a quantity of cloth to a hybrid merchant, whose face would have made me fancy him a German Jew, had not his name suggested a cross between a Pole and a Levantine. As the quantity was small, and one of the conditions of the contract was that the goods should be delivered in one lot, I received repeated applications in writing pressing for delivery. However, several days before the time specified had expired the lot was complete, and it was sent over to the warehouse of my Levantine friend. The panic had then set in, and he declined to receive them, alleging that they were behind time. As, however, one of his own letters distinctly stated the period for completion, I put him in the County Court, for the loss sustained on resale. To my great surprise, his council pleaded the Statute. The judge gave himself infinite pains to try and check-mate him. He had all the letters on his desk, and endeavoured to get out of them a *written contract by construction*. For although there be no contract in writing at the time of sale, if in the subsequent correspondence the whole of the conditions appear, it will stand good. Unfortunately, in my case, several of the items were wanting. I lost my case, and was left to whistle over my losses, and to admire the laws of my native land, the envy of surrounding nations, &c., &c."

Instances of making this nefarious use of the Statute of Frauds were happily rare before the American Civil War, and these are the only two before us. Since, they absolutely swarm, and we could fill an entire number with cases placed at our disposal. Unquestionably the Barnes-Newcome case created the greatest sensation on the Rialto. The pretensions of the man, his known wealth, his multitude of initials, all combined to cause an intense sensation, when it was known that the lecturer on the "Domestic Affections" had pleaded the Statute of Frauds. A comparatively poor man stated that he had large contracts on hand with the firm of Barnes Newcome & Co., and they asserted that no such orders had ever been given to him, or if given, that they had been given without proper authority. If there is any use for Assizes, Judges, and Juries, it is simply and solely to try such cases as these; and yet the refined and chivalrous Newcome, knowing well that it was a life and death matter to his antagonist, prevented the justice of the case from being entered into by pleading the Statute.

The law, however, admits of many ways of defeating the Statute, if the person against whom it is sought to be enforced has been lucky enough to have accidentally complied with them. A delivery, however small, if accepted, admits of the merits of the whole case being gone into. Two or three instances of this are now before us. First and foremost comes the celebrated Mc.Squaretoes case. That eminent merchant purchased some goods from a most respectable firm, who made him a delivery in part fulfilment of the contract That delivery was received into his warehouse, but was objected to as unsuited to the market for which they were intended. McSquaretoes declined to receive any more, and the case was taken to the Assizes. The point to be tried was:—were the goods what he bought or were they not? A most simple issue, on which two people might honestly hold two opposite opinions, and to decide between whom judges and special juries are called into existence. But McSquaretoes preferred shirking the merits by pleading the Statute. It was alleged that a delivery on account had been made, and though McSquaretoes endeavoured to maintain that he had never accepted the delivery, for once justice was done: the case was tried on its merits, and, to the intense delight of the whole Rialto, McSquaretoes lost.

Here is another variation of this eccentric law. A manufacturer sold a quantity of cloth to a merchant. He completed the order, but the goods were wrong, or said to be wrong. The price had risen, and the manufacturer said, "Cancel the contract if you like, or give me more time to make them in, and I will try to suit you." They gave the time required. Then the price fell; and when he tendered the re-made goods, the merchant refused to receive them. Another Assize case. Another plea of the Statute of Frauds. But the manufacturer put in a written contract for the original ill-made lot. Well and good, said the other side, but the extension of time made it a new order, and you have no writing for that. The Judge ruled that they were right, and the manufacturer was cast. However, he took his case to London, where the decision was reversed. At our very last Assizes Lord Chief Baron Kelly expressed himself in the strongest terms as to the morality of the district. And well he might, for in addition to several instances of blank perjury on one side or the other, there were two exceedingly disreputable cases of pleading the Statute of Frauds. It was some consolation to honourable men on the Rialto to know that they occurred among the *demi-monde* of the trade.

By this time two conclusions will be forced upon our readers. One is that the Statute in question can be, and is, systematically distorted from its intended purpose of a shield against Fraud, into an effective assistant, aider, and abettor of the most transparent robbery. The other is that it ought in some way to be so remodelled as to obviate this abuse of an intended salutary enactment. How is this to be done? Nothing easier say the lawyers: make all your contracts in writing and the thing is done. This is like saying that if every one would be honest we should need no gaols: or if every man and woman were chaste there would no social evil. No one particularly acquainted with our commerce but sees that such a suggestion is simply impossible. The Law must adapt itself to the customs of our commerce: commerce cannot adjust itself to the Law. The hasty, impetuous mind of the Exchange settles it by saying, in a bull-necked kind

of way: sweep it away altogether: repeal, abolish it! But this will not do. It will place the merchant at the mercy of Scamper & Co. Some fine day then Mr. Mendel, or other large and deservedly esteemed gentleman, will have an immense lot of goods tendered to him, which, there being no trace in his books of his ever having ordered, would not be received. Scamper would then bring his action: step into the box, and swear that on a given day he sold them: produce a pocket book got up for the occasion: call as evidence his salesman Raff, who stood beside him, and the merchant, innocent of even contemplating a purchase from Scamper, would loose his case. The remedy to our minds seems simple. Let the section stand in this spirit, lawyers can word it as they will.

No contract above the value of five pounds shall be valid unless in writing, *provided either of the parties to it make oath that they never made such a contract.*

This will meet the case. No it won't, some will say; Scamper is such a rascal, that he would take the oath. But Scamper, though a rogue, is not a fool. He would do no such thing. He would be arrested on a charge of perjury, and every tittle of collateral evidence, (inadmissible in the present state of the law in support of the contract) would be admissible to sustain the charge of perjury, and an intelligent jury would be only too delighted to keep his hands from stealing, by giving them a fair amount of picking inside the precincts of a prison. Barnes-Newcome would never have swallowed the oath. Mc.Squaretoes would have a salutary fear of the tread-mill. We have never yet seen or heard of a case where this addition to the Statute would not have stopped the fraudulent application of its present provision.

We understand that the Chamber of Commerce will shortly devote a portion of one of its Quarterly Meetings to the consideration of this important topic. We hope that, at any rate, seven non-official members may be got together. And, in submitting this paper to their consideration, we may be allowed to express a hope, that any of its directors who have pleaded this Statute will make a point of being present.

AMUSEMENTS.

That renowned persifleur and prestigiator, Mr. Joseph Heron, has for the last few weeks been astonishing and diverting crowds of admirers and the traffic in Oxford-street with more than his usual success. N.B.—Carriages to take up—all the back streets.

MARK THAT!

For the information of those who allow themselves to be deceived by a similarity of sound, we beg to state that the late Mark Tapley, Esq., was not, at any period of his life, connected with the corn and bunion bunglers who style themselves Chiropodists; it was the Cheer-up-odists Society he founded.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE AMANUENSIS' GUIDE; being a Treatise on the Law of Copyright.
RECREATIONS IN ORNITHOLOGY; by the authors of *Foul Play.*
MEMOIRS OF A RETIRED BILL.
WALK TO WATER; by the author of *Run to Earth.*
NATURE *versus* ART; A Treatise on the Evils of Convent-ionality by Mr. Whalley.
LACQUER ALLEY; by the author of *Guild Court.*
ÆORALITES AND FALLING STARS; An Essay on High-drop athy.
GROG; by the author of *Pearl.*

Miss Louisa Moore, formerly of our Theatre Royal, will appear next month at Niblo's Theatre, New York.

THE PICTURES AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,

FOURTH AND LAST PART.

THERE have been sensation novels and sensation plays, and now we may expect to see a few sensation pictures. The process of production is no doubt simple enough. For instance, just clasp your hands, drop down on your knees, lean your body forward, and throw your head well back, then turn your eyeballs round as far as they will go, and there you have it, *Agony in its intensest form,*—at least according to Mr. F. Huard in his Bad News (130); though why in the first burst of the woman's grief she should have gone and wakened her child out of its sleep is not so apparent. But that, after all, may be the truest touch in the conception; her agony is so intense she is altogether unreasonable, and doesn't quite know what she is about. Mr. Huard has intended his picture to be tragic, but has pushed it too far. He has piled the agony too high, and so has done something similar to what is sometimes seen at travelling theatres, where the tragedies are so tragic that they have the effect of comedy, and instead of drawing tears provoke laughter.

Mr. H. C. Whaite's Harvest on the Mountains (133) is undoubtedly the finest landscape in the rooms, which after all is not saying much, as—the admission must be made—there is not another extraordinary one (in oil) in the Exhibition. It is fine, however, but shews no advance on those we had of a similar character from him last year. We gave our opinion last year of Mr. Whaite's power as a painter of Welsh mountain scenery and yew trees, and will now merely note in this picture the drawing and anatomy of the rocky summit in the middle of the picture, especially the side of it in the light; it is wonderfully fine in line and subtle, and rich in colour. We hope Mr. Whaite has not made up his mind to remain amongst the Welsh mountains all his life, albeit he is thoroughly at home there. With his gift, of colour and masterly execution we should like to be led by him along the sea-shore, or up the valley of the Wharfe, or to the English Lakes, or wherever he likes best, only somewhere out of Wales, if he pleases, for a change.

A funeral procession through half-frozen rather marshy ground, and with the fields beyond covered with snow, is not a very promising subject for a picture, and in these days will be but too apt to suggest the idea of sensationalism. But in Mr. Archer's Funeral of Queen Guinevere (136) there is nothing sensational whatever. It does not look melancholy, even; nor will it cause in the onlooker any such melancholy feeling as some of our modern funerals—those heavy lumbering affairs, with their trappings and their suits of woe, and men in black hired at so much for the job—invariably do. It impresses us, certainly, yet not obtrusively, but quietly, as such a thing done simply would and ought to do, suggesting thoughts of something beyond the grave, which our modern respectable funerals never do. It has been simply treated and carefully worked, having none of that flimsiness, paintiness, or slovenliness which are amongst the characteristics of the Scotch school. It is also thoroughly realistic. The execution is neither impudently bold nor over-fastidious, but firm all through, and precise where precision is required. Judging by this picture, we can scarcely call Mr. Archer a colourist. Indeed, Scotland is too niggardly in the matter of colourists. She has only produced one as yet, John Philip. But Mr. Archer has one great virtue of all colourists—he is not lavish of his colour. Note how sparing he is of his red, blue, and yellow. The greatest part of his canvas is worked with black, and brown, and white, well contrasted and harmonized, and so worked as to bring out their whole value. He then takes his bright colours, his red, blue, and yellow, and doles them out sparingly; nobly restraining himself, he would like to be generous, and would be, were there no penalty; but he knows that much would injure you, so carefully gives you no more than you can healthily enjoy. Now, if you would like to see how a free, open-handed, generous painter works, go and look at Mr. C. A. Duval's Story of Ginevra (18): there is no stinginess regarding colour there. You are quite overpowered by that red coat; perfectly satiated, and can neither enjoy it nor anything else for some time. You may distribute money lavishly, if you like, but not colour; it is too precious a commodity: a prodigal has no right to touch it. Anyone caring to see how one of the laws of colour, the Law of Interchange, is employed, may do so readily in Mr. Archer's picture.

The primary colours, red, blue, and yellow, are in three broad masses, as follows :—there are crimson housings on one horse, and subdued yellow housings on the other, and a quiet blue pall over the Queen. Now, to prevent them looking like three spots, he takes a little strip out of the blue, and puts it into the yellow ; carries yellow into the blue, yellow into the crimson, and crimson into the blue ; puts a little touch of scarlet into the pillow supporting the head of the Queen, and yellow into the brown canopy over her ; and then, to carry the eye over the picture, he distributes little touches of blue, yellow, and black into the plumes on the horses' heads, and crimson into their bridles. There is snow on the ground, but the picture does not look cold. The snow in the field beyond the figures is slightly warmed with yellow, indicating sunset.

The Son in Mr. William Gale's Nazareth (116) looks fully as old as his Mother ; and beyond that there is nothing remarkable in the picture, unless it be some curious implements, such as a curious plough, ditto green jar, ditto spinning-frame, and something that may be a winnowing machine, all of which might be interesting to the Society of Antiquaries ; but as a work of Art, the picture is nothing.

The lady's dress in Mr. W. M. Egley's Christmas (146) is the best bit of painting in the picture, and will be sure to delight milliners and dressmakers. The mistletoe is very hard looking mistletoe. The laurels and holly, the curtains, and even the doorway, all look as though they had been cut out of coloured tin. The picture looks as though it had been painted on tin ; it is not, however, but on the regular material, canvas.

Mr. H. J. Holding evidently takes considerable delight in his profession, but it is not altogether of the intellectual sort ; his is mainly the animal delight in playing with the brush. However, it is not every one who can do that to some purpose ; Mr. Holding can, and enjoys his sense of power, and why not? Perhaps bye-and-bye he may begin to take delight in the things themselves, and care less for showing off his own dexterity, and if so, we may hope to see some superior work from his hand. His Whiting Bay, Isle of Arran (162) is too much like a clever piece of scene painting. The great charm, generally speaking, of the coast is the sea as it breaks upon it ; it is the first thing we look at, and in a painting, if that is right, we can excuse most shortcomings in other particulars. Now Mr. Holding's sea approaches the truth, but doesn't quite reach it ; little is required, but that little is very difficult of attainment, the first necessity for its attainment being a hearty love for the sea. The sea never breaks in that slovenly way ; doubtless in rough weather there is a grand abandon in the way it casts itself upon the beach, but it doesn't break loosely, or anyhow, but always according to law. But Mr. Holding has a good deal to correct in himself in the way of slovenliness besides his rendering of sea waves ; his foregrounds are very slovenly also. Lurgybeg Point, Arran (202) is just as much like scene painting as this, and, though clever, is even more slovenly.

In Mr. G. E. Hicks's Escape of the Countess of Morton (167) there is a great deal of very clever work, both in composition amd manipulation, but he lacks the power, apparently, of rendering his subject interesting ; it consequently doesn't rise above mediocrity. Were he to try a less ambitious subject, and be content with a moderate sized canvas, he might, with his knowledge and power, produce a useful work.

In Mr. R. B. Martineau's Princess with the Golden Ball (207) the eye is attracted by the golden ball, and if imitation was the sole end of Art, which it is not, it having other and more important ends, then is this golden ball perfection. You might almost think that it was not done with paint but was really gold. The Princess's face sinks into the background, and is, moreover, wooden and void of character.

What a pity it is that Mr. Burchett should waste his time in trying to become a High Art painter when he can paint dogs so well,—that is if we may judge from those two in his large Shakesperean scene (198). They are the only things worth looking at in the picture, and are really uncommonly well done, especially the foreshortened one, which is admirably drawn. Look well at them, and then run your eye over the rest of the picture. How lifeless it is everywhere ! You are almost ready to swear that they were done by a different—a master's hand. In the dogs there is texture, evidence of knowledge, and masterly handling ; but no texture, no anything, anywhere else. And let Mr. Burchett be assured that what he has already achieved, the power to paint animals well, judging from these two dogs, is a thing not to be despised. Take the Sphinx's advice, Mr. Burchett. Stick to animal painting, and leave "'Igh art" to the Gandishes of the day.

It is pleasant after having your mind distracted and eyes filled with chalk by Mr. Burchett's picture, to turn to Mr. M. G. Brennan's Via della Vita, Rome (217), a quiet unobtrusive unaffected bit of work, having been painted mostly in sober colours, greys and browns, black and subdued yellow. It is, as was said in our introductory remarks, the only picture much worth looking at in the second room. If it is lucky enough to catch your eye, you cannot well get away from it until you have participated in the quiet humour of the good-natured monks, and have mentally had your friendly pinch along with them. They are full of humour down to their umbrellas,—quaint bulging machines that have quite as much individuality as their masters. Note the little touch of sunset colour on the trees and buildings round the corner ; the only bit of bright colour in the picture ; it throws the rest of the picture into greyer shade.

AN ELECTION DITTY.

THROUGH the mud, through the mud, floundering blindly,
A butt for each bully, a prey to each bore ;
Submitting to grossest indignities blindly,
Patient 'neath insults undreamt of before.

Through the mud Radical, through the mud Tory,
Through a dense quagmire of moral disgrace ;
'Tis ever the same shameful pitiful story
Of principles bartered to bid for a place.

Thick-fisted, thick-headed, venal electors,
Truculent knaves of the franchise possessed,
Drunken or dirty, or steeped in depravity,
Must a candidate cringe to, along with the best.

Rude costermongers cast slurs on his polity,
Wife-beaters name him opprobrious names,
Charter-street tips him a touch of its quality,
Low loafers, his meetings disturb with their games.

Shrink from no dirty unpleasant transaction ;
Level yourself to the scum of the streets ;
Lay by proud birth and patrician extraction ;
You can wipe your hands clean on your canvassing sheets.

Through the mud candidate ; don't be fastidious,
The end will enchant, though the means may appal,
And the ordeal you go through, appalling hideous,
Will seem like a dream up at Westminster Hall.

PROPHET OR PROFIT ?

Dr. Cumming, whose lines appear to fall in pleasant places, has been on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, at Dunrobin Castle, and preached last Sunday, as a matter of course, on the Second Advent, before the Prince and Princess of Wales, Prince John of Glücksburg, and other notabilities. Considering that the Rev. Dr. believes that the consummation of all things is at hand, we must say that he makes the most of his time, and we understand that he has taken a fresh lease of his house.

RADICALLY RIGHT.

It has often been asked "Of what politics was Adam." An enthusiastic liberal of our acquaintance says he is sure he was a Radical, because as the first gardener, it is natural to suppose that he was in the habit of going to the root of everything !

NEW MOTTO FOR THE MANCHESTER CORPORATION.—The path of Glory leads but to the GRAVE.

The man who split his sides because he couldn't contain himself, has let out a bit, and now feels much more at ease.

A BURNING SHAME.—St. Peter's Church Clock when lit.

SHAKESPEARE.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask: Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foiled searching of mortality.
And thou who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguessed at. Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

ONE OF OUR CITY GRAVE-YARDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—In your paper of October the 10th there is a paragraph referring to a large open space midway between Miles Platting and Victoria Station. Will you allow me to correct the statement there made? First, it is not the place where "cholera patients" have been buried. Secondly, the cost of the new wall and flagging will be nearer £5000 than £1000. That piece of ground was formerly the burial ground for the poor of the city of Manchester. *Forty thousand* persons are supposed to have been laid beneath its surface. More than forty years back it was used as stated. It was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester. It would have been well if a dignitary of the Church, or even a great merchant, had been buried there. Had that been the case the chances are that the place would have been kept in decent order. For years upon years it has been the great centre for Sunday pitch and toss; occasionally a skull would be turned up and kicked as a football; likewise it was the arena upon which many a disgusting fight took place, very often during service hours. The reason why they fought here was because the ground was soft; now it is flagged I do not think we shall have any more fights. If your correspondent had taken the trouble he would have found some of the gravestones covering common privy floors, and others on the flooring of cottages.

The place where cholera patients were buried is now covered over by the Millgate end of Victoria Railway Station. So far as trees are concerned, it would have been folly to have planted that which never could arrive at maturity in Angel Meadow, simply because the sulphurous acid gas from the works close by would kill any plant.—Yours most respectfully,

EDWARD MEACHAM,
Surgeon.

421, Rochdale Road, Manchester,
October 13th, 1868.

THE SPHINX.—*The* (London) *Examiner* of Saturday last, says:—"The *Sphinx* is a new serial, published in Manchester. Part 1, with which we have been favoured, promises well—its criticisms are for the most part just, and its humour piquant. We have much pleasure in welcoming this, we believe, its first appearance on the London boards. Although the number of the serials published in London is legion, we doubt not there is room for a brother from the provinces. Manchester is nearer to us than New York; and if serials from the latter city can live and thrive in London, why not from the former?"

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM OF BURNS.

DR. CRAWFORD TAIT RAMAGE has sent to *Notes and Queries* the following letter, which he recently received from an Ayrshire friend:—

Ayr, 24th Sept., 1868.

On the other side I send you a copy of the poem which I took down from the dictation of the old lady I told you about. She gave it to me as an unpublished poem of Burns. She says that she is one hundred and three years of age; and the first time I saw her, she told me that she remembered seeing Burns in Thornhill. I called on the old lady lately, and found her still vigorous considering her great age.

TO THE POTATO.

Guid e'en, my auld acquaintance cronie!
I'm glad to see the bloom sae bonie;
Of fruits and flowers there is nae monie
Can match wi' thee;
I question much if there be onie,
At least to me.

It's now twa months since ye've been wi' us:
As soon's ye can, come in and see us;
Ye'll banish poverty quite frae us,
The time ye stay:
And trowth, I hope ye winna lea us
Till Whitsunday.

I'll mak my braw young bouncing wencher
Place thee upon a bowl or trencher
Wi' floods o' milk as deep as Stinchar,
In case I had it:
I'll show thee fairly I'm nae flincher,
When ance I said it.

Ye're now the poor folks' bread and scon,
And hungry meals ye gar stan yon
Frae me to him that fills the throne
O' happy Britain,
Baith young and auld, man, wife, and wean,
Ye haud them eating.

As this was taken down from dictation, the spelling of the Scotch language may not be the original of the poet, if it is really his production, as the old lady believes.

TAMBERLIK IN A NEW CHARACTER.—General Prim's entry into Madrid was made the occasion of an extraordinary popular demonstration. In the midst of it our old friend Signor Tamberlik made his appearance. A correspondent, speaking of the tumultuous musical efforts of the mob, says an unspeakable relief in the midst of their jarring charivari was that most sympathetic of all popular airs, the Marseillaise, and one or two of the songs sung by the Italian Opera Company which has here gone mad with democracy, and which has been foremost in all patriotic displays for this week. There was a chorus from the old opera *Donna Caritea*, which was dignified into a national hymn at the time of the insurrection of Central Italy in 1831, and which was oddly enough revived by Tamberlik, the master of these revels, whose portly person was conspicuous as he rolled and rollicked at the head of his *troupe*, and whose deep and mellow voice was heard bellowing above the choir and above the shrill trumpet-blast of the stirring accompaniment.

Among the gifts to a newly-married pair at a town in New Jersey, was a broom sent to the lady, accompanied with the following sentiment:—

This trifling gift accept from me,
Its use I would commend;
In sunshine use the brushy part,
In storms the other end.

TWO NEW DRAMAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.]

SIR,—If any of your Manchester readers happen to be visiting London for the next few weeks, they will find both instruction and pleasure by going to the Lyceum Theatre to see Lord Lytton's new and admirable play *The Rightful Heir*, and Henry J. Byron's new comedy *Blow for Blow*, at the Holborn Theatre Royal. *The Rightful Heir* treats of incidents in the reign of "good Queen Bess" and the time of the Spanish Armada. It is well written, and powerfully worked out to the end, although the dialogue is much too long, and might be curtailed in some places with advantage. The closing scene is very effective, and, what is unusual in these sensation days, made effective without looking improbable. The parts assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. Bandmann, and Mr. Neville, are well played on the whole.

The other new play worth seeing in London at the present time, is from the pen of that prolific writer Henry J. Byron, and is called *Blow for Blow*. It is a comedy of a very pleasing nature, and almost as good in its way as Mr. Robertson's *Caste;* in fact, some of the "situations" are strikingly like the latter piece—decidedly the cleverest modern English comedy we possess. The plot of *Blow for Blow* is very good, the writing smart, and the acting remarkably fine. Miss Lydia Foote takes a character that might have been especially written for her, so naturally, that it does not look like acting. Mr. George Honey plays the comic part "Charley Spraggs" better than any other English comedian could play it. Mr. J. C. Cowper (the Liverpool pet tragedian) plays a "sneaking, bad-hearted head-clerk" better than anything he can do in tragedy. Mr. Henry Haynes (formerly of the Prince's) takes the part of a young and newly-married baronet very creditably—a character that one would like to see Mr. Sydney Bancroft in, for perfection. Mr. Parselle is a jolly, good-hearted doctor—one who is always trying to make his patients happier in their minds in addition to administering to their bodily ailments—a character that would just suit our own Mr. Everill (although it would be difficult to say what would *not* suit Mr. Everill) to the very life. This play of Mr. Byron's has the advantage of possessing seven good characters, none of which stand out more prominently than the others, and on this account must be more acceptable to the actors, and more enjoyable to the audience.

Both the *Rightful Heir* and *Blow for Blow* would be received in Manchester with more enthusiasm than they are in London.

A PLAYGOER.

Another correspondent gives a different account of *Blow for Blow*, and, generally, of the dramatic entertainments in London. He says—"No plays worth mentioning are being performed anywhere, but at two theatres a train runs across the stage every night; at a third a ferry-boat comes up to a landing stage, and "disgorges its passengers," (*vide* description in advertisements); at a fourth a tissue of bad puns and wildly improbable incidents end with a man being pitched out of a window; at a fifth a second or third rate American actor bellows like a town bull every night in *Richard III.*, and at the sixth we have a drama by M. Boucicault—to wit, the *Flying Scud*. I have been to see all these entertainments, for my sins, and I think them simply execrable. But I must be mistaken, because all the critics praise them most warmly, Mr. Byron's comedy *Blow for Blow* receiving compliments which

would be almost exaggerated if they were applied to the *School for Scandal*. The play appeared to me vulgar and stupid to an incredible degree—but it pleases the British public, or did the first night it was produced."

THE EMERSON FAMILY.—Mr. William Emerson, of New York, has just died, leaving Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson the only survivor of a family of brothers, all of whom attained some eminence in their several ways. Charles Emerson was already regarded as the most gifted of them when he died—soon after his graduation at Harvard—leaving a few fragments which were published in the early numbers of the *Dial*. Edward also gave promise of literary talent, but died at an early age in the West Indies, whither he had gone in search of health. Mr. William Emerson, the eldest brother, who has just died at the age of 68, was born and reared in the "Old Manse" which furnished Hawthorne with the framework of one of his earlier volumes. He designed to enter the ministry, and soon after his graduation at Harvard in 1818, he being then 18 years of age, he went to Germany, to pursue his studies. He there made the acquaintance of Goethe, who took an interest in him. Having, as might have been expected, embraced religious views which led him to doubt his fitness for the ministry, the subject was laid before Goethe, who advised the young man to forego his scruples, and enter the pulpit. The advice, however, was not taken, and Mr. Emerson returning to America, joined the bar, at which he acquired some distinction.

PATTI AND VICTOIRE BALFE.—The *Gaulois*, a Paris paper, remarks on a curious coincidence. Adelina Patti (Marquise de Caux) has taken an apartment, 154, Champs Elysées, exactly above that occupied by Victoire Balfe, daughter of the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, and herself an actress, who, by her marriage with Sir John Crampton, Bart., became English ambassadress to St. Petersburg, and by her subsequent marriage to the Duc de Frias, the wife of a Spanish grandee.

THACKERAY TO BULWER.—One may object to an immence deal of your writings, which betwigst you and me contain more sham scentiment, sham morallaty, sham poatry, than you'd like to own; but in spite of this, there's the stuff in you; you've a kind and loyal heart in you, Barnet—a trifle deboshed, perhaps: a Kean i, igspecially for what's comic (as for your tradgady, its mighty flatchulent), and a ready plesnt pen. The man who says you are an As is an As himself.

THE TOPER'S "GOING HOME."—It is that *going home* which makes drunkenness so dire a tragedy. If the drunkard could only shut himself up with a whisky-barrel, or a pipe of Madeira, and quietly guzzle himself to death, it would be a pity, but it could be borne. He never does this; he goes home to make that home perdition to some good souls that love him, or depend upon him, and cannot give him up.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed to the *Sphinx* Office, 143 Deansgate, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS. are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

BACK NUMBERS of the *Sphinx* may be obtained on application to the Publisher, or by order from any Bookseller and Newsagent.

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22S. PER DOZEN.

This excellent Hungarian Wine is now greatly RECOMMENDED for its nourishing and sustaining properties. As we import it DIRECT from Hungary without any INTERMEDIATE AGENCY, and bottle it under OUR OWN personal inspection, purchasers can rely upon its genuineness.

VERMOUTH.—Finest Italian.

When we INTRODUCED this excellent BITTER WINE to the notice of the Public SOME YEARS ago, we brought it on in Bottle, but now being assured that we have made a market for it, we bring it on IN CASK, and Bottle it OURSELVES, thereby SAVING considerably in freight and other expenses, and enabling us to put it within the reach of a wider circle, by REDUCTION of PRICE.

We would respectfully solicit the attention of MEDICAL MEN to this article, and shall be glad to show them samples.

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2S. 10D. PER BOTTLE.

JAMES SMITH AND COMPANY,

WINE MERCHANTS.

MANCHESTER: 26, MARKET-STREET.

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The MIDLAND COMPANY'S MAIN LINE TRAINS now RUN to and from the NEW ST. PANCRAS STATION, LONDON.

A New and Improved Service of EXPRESS and FAST TRAINS has been established between MANCHESTER and LONDON, BRISTOL, BIRMINGHAM, LEICESTER, NOTTINGHAM, and DERBY, &c., &c.

The following tables show the Train Service for OCTOBER.

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LONDON.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester..... d.	6 55	9 45	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55	
Lond'n(St. Pancras) a.	12 0	2 45	4 0	6 30	8 30	10 45	
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Lond'n(St. Pancras) d.	6 15	9 0	10 0	11 30	3 0	4 40	
Manchester..... a.	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40	

SUNDAYS.

	p.m.
Manchester ..... d.	4 45
London (St. Pancras) ..... a.	10 0
	p.m.
London (St. Pancras) ..... d.	2 50
Manchester..... a.	8 0

Through Carriages run between London and Manchester by all Trains.

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND LEICESTER.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Man'r d.	6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55	6 20
L'ster a.	9 30	11 53	11 20	1 27	4 0	6 5	7 50	10 55
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
L'ster d.	6 20	9 0	11 24	12 23	2 12	4 10	5 36	7 3
Man'r a.	10 5	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	8 5	9 40

SUNDAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.
Manchester..... d.	8 50	4 45
Leicester..... a.	12 50	7 20
	p.m.	p.m.
Leicester..... d.	1 55	5 23
Manchester..... a.	5 45	8 0

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND NOTTINGHAM.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.	6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	11 25	12 45
Nottingham.....a.	9 25	10 50	12 10	1 0	3 10	3 50
				p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.				3 30	3 55	6 20
Nottingham .....a.				5 55	7 35	10 20
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Not'm d.	7 10	7 50	9 25	11 35	2 35	5 50
Man'r a.	10 5	11 45	12 15	2 50	5 0	8 5

SUNDAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.	8 30	4 45	6 5
Nottingham .....a.	12 20	7 10	9 45
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Nottingham .....d.	7 0	2 35	5 40
Manchester .....a.	11 20	5 45	8 0

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND DERBY.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Manchester .....d.	6 55	7 10	9 45	9 50	11 25	12 45	
Derby .....a.	8 30	10 5	11 20	12 15	2 15	3 40	
				p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Manchester .....d.				3 30	3 55	6 20	
Derby.....a.				5 5	6 36	9 10	
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Derby .....d.	8 0	8 50	10 15	12 25	1 25	3 25	
Manchester .....a.	10 5	11 45	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	
			p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Derby .....d.			3 30	6 35	6 45	8 5	
Manchester .....a.			6 20	8 5	9 35	9 40	

SUNDAYS.

	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.	8 30	4 45	6 5
Derby .....a.	11 25	6 20	9 0
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Derby.....d.	8 25	3 20	6 25
Manchester .....a.	11 20	5 45	8 0

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND BIRMINGHAM.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Manchester.d.	6 55	7 10	9 50	12 45	3 30	3 55	6 20	
Birmingham.a.	10 5	12 40	2 20	4 55	7 25	9 30	11 30	
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.		
Birmingham.d.	7 45	9 25	11 10	1 20	4 55	6 25	...	
Manchester.a.	12 15	2 50	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40	...	

SUNDAYS.

	p.m.	p.m.
Manchester .....d.	4 45	6 5
Birmingham .....a.	9 45	11 30
	p.m.	
Birmingham .....d.	1 40	....
Manchester .....a.	5 45	....

BETWEEN MANCHESTER AND BRISTOL.

	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	
Manchester .....d.	6 55	9 50	12 45	3 30	
Bristol .....a.	2 25	5 35	7 50	12 20	
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	
Bristol .....d.	8 0	8 45	11 10	3 30	
Manchester .....a.	3 0	5 0	8 5	9 40	

SUNDAYS.

	a.m.
Bristol .....d.	6 30
Manchester .....a.	5 45

Through carriages run between Manchester and Bristol by 6 55 a.m. and 12 45 p.m. trains from Manchester, and 8 0 a.m. and 3 20 p.m. trains from Bristol.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

Derby, October, 1868.

NDER THIRTY NINE (39), MARKET STREET, PURE WINES DRAWN FROM THE WOOD, SECOND DOOR, CROMFORD COURT.
Large Dock Sample Glass Sherry and Sandwich, 4d. Superior Stout or Ale and Sandwich, 3d.

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distinguished for possessing the quiet and comfort of home, with the convenience and facilities of a First-class Hotel.

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Dinners from 12 to 3.
Leading Features—Good Articles, Good Cooking, and Cleanliness.

THE TREVELYAN TABLE DE HOTE.
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THE TREVELYAN SMOKE ROOM.
Well Ventilated—Good Coffee and Cigars.

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No Gambling or Betting Allowed.
The Trevelyan Hotel in all its appointments is second to no other hotel in Manchester.
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First-class Service and the most moderate charges.
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Particular attention is respectfully invited to this Department, in which an Extensive and Varied STOCK of Well-seasoned and Choice FURS is now ready for inspection.
A Special Delivery of Real RUSSIAN SABLE MUFFS, all one price, 29s. 6d., worth Two Guineas.
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200 REAL ERMINE COLLARETTES, all one price, 9s. 6d., worth 12s. 9d.
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150 REAL CHINCHILLA COLLARETTES, all one price, 6s. 11d.
GREBE MUFFS, from 15s. 6d. to Two Guineas.
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A Large Assortment of Sable Tail, Seal, Beaver, Astracan, Fox, and Swandown MUFFS, and COLLARETTES to Match.
FUR CARRIAGE RUGS and FOOT MUFFS in great Variety.
FUR TRIMMINGS of every description.

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NEW MANTLES, JACKETS, AND TRIMMED ROBES and COSTUMES; Rich SILK VELVET JACKETS: New SATTARA JACKETS, in Blue, Brown, Scarlet, and Black; WHITE JACKETS, in several new and warm materials; CHILDREN'S JACKETS.
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LANCASHIRE WITCHES' BOUQUET.
A most delicious and permanent perfume for the handkerchief and toilet.
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Combined movement by the forearm and fingers. Dashing Style. Private Rooms.
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GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES, Highest Honours, Elastic Stitch.
GROVER AND BAKER'S SEWING MACHINES. The most complete. Lock Stitch.
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RUPTURES—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS. Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid appliances.
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HATTER, BOOTMAKER, & OUTFITTER,
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LINCOLN & BENNETT'S and CHRISTY'S HATS.
Walking, Dress, and Sword Sticks, Canes, Umbrellas; Knapsacks, Portmanteaus, Valises, Satchels, Bags; Mackintoshes, Summer Overcoats, &c. in great variety.

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EXCHANGE BILLIARD ROOMS are NOW OPEN, under new management, and are fitted up with two of Burroughs and Watts' New Tables.—20, Market-street, entrance opposite Thatched House.—THOS. GORTON, Proprietor.

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Carriages and Light Traps Repaired and Painted in first-class style and finish. Estimates given for new work or jobbing.

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WEEKLY HALF HOLIDAY.—The CELEBRATION MEETING will be held in the Free Trade Hall, on Wednesday Evening, the 4th of November next, being the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Establishment of the Half Holiday in Manchester. His Worship the MAYOR of MANCHESTER will preside. Details will be given in later advertisements.

The Fund (of about £4,000) which the Committee have resolved to raise will be applied to paying off the building debt, and to other purposes necessary for the completion, of the Manchester District Schools for the Orphan and Necessitous Children of Warehousemen and Clerks.

The Committee appeal to the benevolence of the many, conceiving that the work they have in hand fairly entitles them to public support, and they especially and earnestly solicit the co-operation of the entire body of warehousemen and clerks. Contributions of one guinea and upwards confer the privileges enumerated in the rule of the Institution, and may be paid to Messrs. Heywood Brothers and Co., Bankers; the Treasurer, Mr. T. Noton, Messrs A. S. Henry and Co.; the Hon Secretary, Mr. R. Lowes, Messrs. Warburg and Co.; or to any member of the Committee.

Committee-room, No. 1, New Brown-street, where the Committee meet each Wednesday Evening, at 6 o'clock.

REPRESENTATION OF MANCHESTER, Mr. MITCHELL HENRY'S COMMITTEE SIT DAILY, at 82, Market-street. Gentlemen desirous of joining the Committee are respectfully requested to forward their names to the Honorary Secretary.

H. B. JACKSON, Chairman.
CHARLES DURHAM, } Vice Chairmen.
C. P. HENDERSON, }
J. NIELD, Honorary Secretary.

MANCHESTER AND SALFORD DISCHARGED PRISONERS' AID SOCIETY.

A donation of £5 from "a Friend of the late Ernest Rouse, Esq.," is gratefully acknowledged.

A. ASPLAND, } Hon Secs.
H. C. OATS, }

THE SPHINX.—Office for Advertisements, 14, Market-place. Hours of Attendance, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Communications should be addressed to the Manager.

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HIGHAM'S MILITARY BAND
will play for Dancing
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MONSTER PLATFORM
Every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY,
Commencing at Three o'clock.
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Other Days and Sundays, 3d.

CAN YOU SWIM? Yes. Who Taught You? Professor BECK, on the Patent Machinery, at the Manchester Swimming School, Barrack-st., Hulme.

CAUTION.

ADULTERATED TOBACCO.—In consequence of the recent seizures of Adulterated Tobacco, and the conviction of wholesale dealers and retailers in Sheffield, Leeds, Manchester, and other towns, in the mitigated penalty of £50 in each case, the Executors of WILLIAM HARGRAVES feel it their duty to inform their numerous customers that all Tobacco sold by them (including Irish Roll), is Guaranteed Perfectly Genuine, and Free from Adulteration of any kind.

Tobacco and Cigar Manufactory, 44, Swan-street, and 2, 4, 6, 8, and 10, Mason-st., Manchester.

Established 1833.

TRIMMINGS, HOSIERY, GLOVES, UMBRELLAS, FANS, AND FANCY GOODS.
LADIES' OUTFITTING AND BABY LINEN.

WILLIAM MORRIS & CO. beg to announce their removal to New Premises, where they are now SHOWING their NOVELTIES for the PRESENT SEASON.—16 and 18, ST. ANN'S STREET.

SHIRTMAKERS, HOSIERS, AND GLOVERS.

WILLIAM MORRIS & CO. beg to announce that they have REMOVED their GENTLEMEN'S OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT to their PREMISES, 20 and 22, ST. ANN'S STREET, and are now SHOWING a large Assortment of NEW GOODS suitable for the PRESENT SEASON.

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PREPARED
CORN,

MANUFACTURED BY

T. KINGSFORD AND SON,

At OSWEGO, State of New York, U.S.

FOR

PUDDINGS, CUSTARDS
BLANC MANGE,
ICE CREAM, &c.,

AND FOR

INFANTS' and INVALIDS' FOOD.

It is invaluable (prepared the same as arrowroot), the Oswego Corn being an excellent substitute.

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2, CHINA LANE, PICCADILLY,
MANCHESTER.

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Rates of Premium and Conditions.—The rates will be found fully as moderate as those charged by other first class companies. The English is not bound by the restrictions of the combined offices.
LIFE DEPARTMENT.
Moderate Premiums. Fixed and liberal surrender values of not less than 35 per cent.—A few Agencies vacant.—Apply to
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ESTABLISHED 30 YEARS.

Capital.....£500,000
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POLICIES PAYABLE DURING LIFE.
NON-FORFEITABLE ASSURANCES.
PAYMENTS TO CEASE AFTER TEN YEARS.

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S. P. BIDDER, MANAGER.

GOOD VALUE!—GOOD VALUE!

DICKS' NOTED GUTTA PERCHA BOTTOMED BOOTS and SHOES, with Leather Tops and Insoles, are unrivalled for Cheapness, cannot be surpassed for Comfort, and are unequalled for durability. Every one who studies health should wear them.

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DICKS' .... BOYS' and GIRLS' BOOTS, from 2s. 3d.
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DICKS' .... 90, OLDHAM STREET, MANCHESTER.
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(LATE OF 12, STRETFORD ROAD,)
HAUNCH OF VENISON,
DALE STREET, MANCHESTER.
Choice Wines and Spirits, Cigars, &c. An Ordinary daily at a Quarter-past One.

SUCCESSFULLY RE-OPENED,
NO. 6, ST. MARY'S-GATE
(Late Nowell's.)
BEST RESTAURANT IN ENGLAND.
Breakfasts, from 5 a.m.; Dinners, from 12 to 3 p.m.
Tea, Coffee, Chops, Steaks, &c.
Soups and Cold Collation throughout the day.
Wines, Spirits, Ale, and Stout of the best quality.
Quick service.
PRICES:
Sandwiches, from 1d. to 4d.
Sausage and Mashed Potatoes (from 10 till 12) and Glass of Beer, 6d.
Pastry, 3d.
Soups, 6d.
Fish, 9d. and 1s.
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Celery and Cheese, 3d.
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Tea, Chops, or Cold Meats, and Bread and Butter or Toast, 11d.
Plain Tea, 5d.
Dinner Chops or Steaks, with Vegetables and Bread (in four minutes), 1s.
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